2-1961

THE LAST FERRY OF THE SUMMER

WE MOVE. AND HOLIDAY DEPARTS.
THE BLUE BELONGINGS OF SUMMER ARE ABOARD AND STOWED.
BEHIND, SUSPENDED UNTIL OUR RETURN,
LEAN THE BROKEN AND LOCKED.

BEYOND THE BULWARK OF HORIZON, THUNDER RETREATS
TO ITS BESTIRRED TENTS OF STORM.
THE SEA AND SKY ARE ONE SEAMLESS OPALESCENCE.
THE CLOUDS OF MORNING ENACT THEIR PONDEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

ON THE TABLE OF THE BAY, LIGHT IS THROWN
AND SPREAD WITH SLOOPS AND TRAWLERS.
SEARCHING ITS MILKY VISTAS, WE LOSE
THE LURKY AND RECEDING ISLAND, OUR SUMMER,
AND OUR APPREHENSION.

AND WE ARE LIGHT, PUSHING LIGHT BEFORE US
AS THOUGH NO GLOOM COULD TOUCH US, NOR EXISTED,
IGNORNING THE BLACKNESS BELOW THE PUNCTURE
WHERE A FISH LEAPS, PIERCING TOWARD BRIGHTNESS.

AND WE, ENTHRALLED, RENOUNCE LAST EVENING
WITH ITS ENCIRCLING AND FIGHTING STARLIGHT,
AS THOUGH DARKNESS WERE SACRAMENT RECEIVED

ONLY ~~OF~~ BELIEVERS IN NIGHTFALL.

RALPH POMEROY

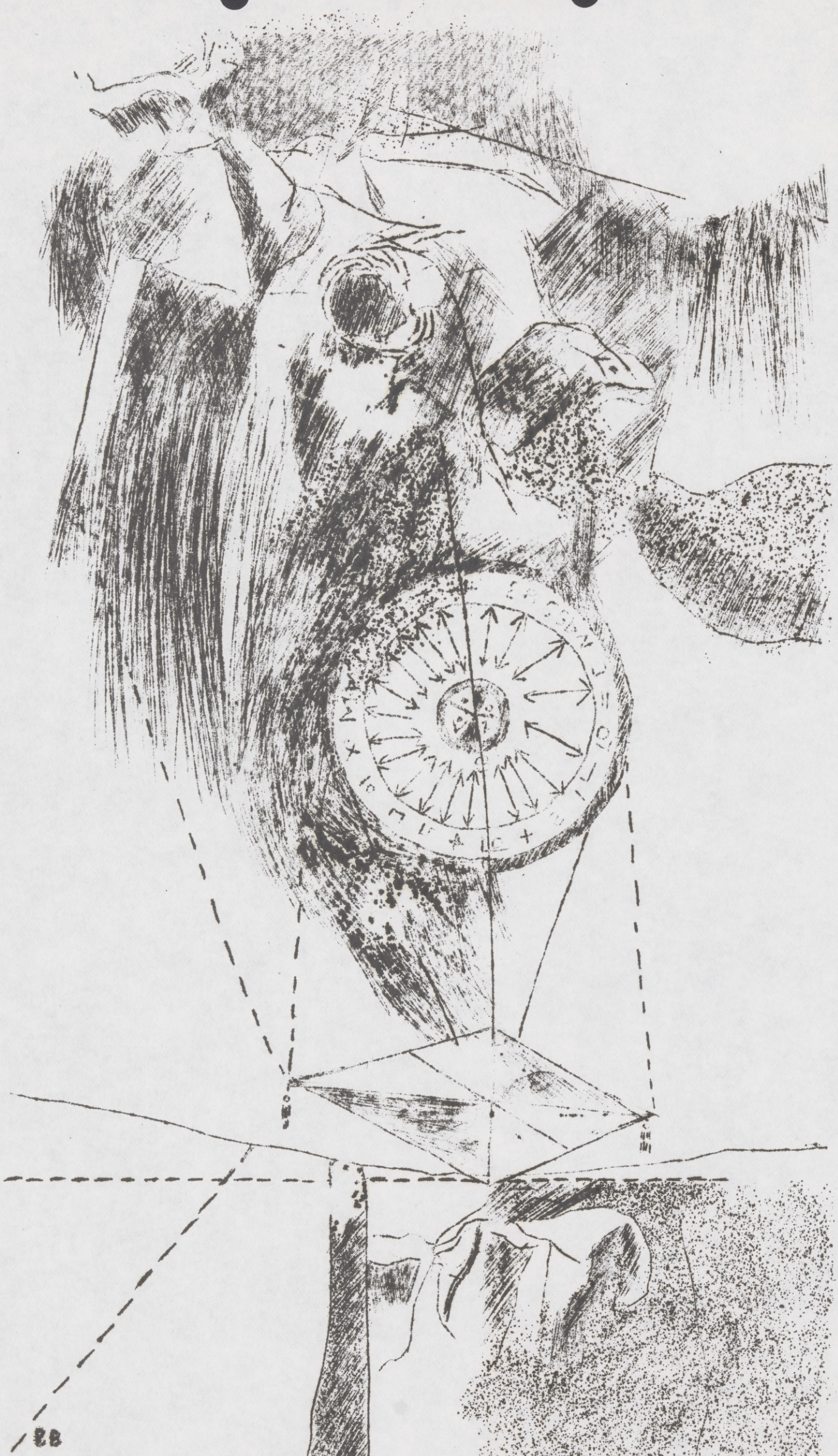
Gliko

A HIDEOUS PILE,
THE ATOMIC BOMB EXPLOSION CENTER, FREEZING COLD,
"INCLUDES THE PEACE TOWER, A MUSEUM CONTAING
ATOMIC-MELTED SLATES AND BRICKS, PHOTOS SHOWING
WHAT THE ATOMIC DESERT LOOKED LIKE, AND OTHER
RELICS OF THE CATASTROPHE."

THE OTHER RELICS:
THE ONES THAT MADE ME WEEP;
THE BITS OF BURNT CLOTHING.
THE STOPPED WATCHES, THE TORN SHIRTS
THE TWISTED BUTTONS,
THE STAINED AND TATTERED VESTS AND DRAWERS,
THE RIPPED KIMONOS AND CHARRED BOOTS,
THE WHITE BLOUSE POLKA-DOTTED WITH ATOMIC RAIN,
INDELIBLE,
THE COTTON SUMMER PANTS THE BLASTED BOYS
CRAWLED HOME IN, TO BLEED
AND SLOWLY DIE.

REMEMBER ONLY THESE.
THEY ARE THE MEMORIALS WE NEED.

JAMES KIRKUP



WE ALL HAVE DEFECTIVE EDUCATIONS:

A term paper provoked this comment, one which I believe applies in part, at least, to most of you. So I submit these observations for your consideration:

You have a strong imagination and a sense of humor that keeps everything in proportion. You are blessed with superior intelligence. You are really lucky for these are qualities that cannot be taught. However, they <u>can</u> be developed. In your case a strict, exacting education in the lower schools would have developed your intellect -- with the added danger of your imagination and sense of humor being repressed. (Consider George Orwell's education as described in "Such, Such Were the Days (?)"). Imagination, intellect, humor are perhaps the three greatest qualities of the mind. Your education, as you describe it, was so defective in the lower schools as to scarcely engage these qualities of your mind. Now that you are old enough to make your own judgements you will always value imagination and humor no matter how much other people may derogate them. That allows you to place intellect in the proper context. But the defect remains. Develope your intellect as rapidly as possible. If you concentrate your energy on this project you will be astonished by the power you discover in your mind, a power, at present, whose existence you may scarcely suspect. You are in the age of discovery. Make the most of it.

How would one proceed with such a project?

1) Gain knowledge. Don't be discouraged by the fact you will seem to forget most of what you learn.
2) Learn how to find evidence. Learn how to evaluate evidence.
3) Learn how to think. Know exactly what analysis, synthesis, syllogism, definition, abstraction (both academic and poetic), Greek dialectic, construct, (etc.), are. Know exactly how they operate in the general context of thought.
4) Learn how to organize your thoughts, e.g. what are chronological and topical arrangements, what is polarization?
5) Learn how to be objective; how to concentrate your thought on objects, rather than self. Learn what scientific method and mind are. What is scepticism? How do people learn?
6) Learn to speak and write with force, clarity and beauty. I believe that although writing and speech are unique modes of expression, their technical problems resemble those of painting and that writing has forms that are equivalent to each of the schools of painting, e.g.: realism, impressionism, abstract expressionism. Everything of a theoretical nature you learn in drawing and painting is applicable to writing and to thought generally. Why are grammarians so adamant about form, about logical progressions and arrangements? On what assumptions are their rules built? The techniques of writing and of thought, though in a different perspective, should be relevant to the problems of art.

As soon as you understand the rules, you can break them.

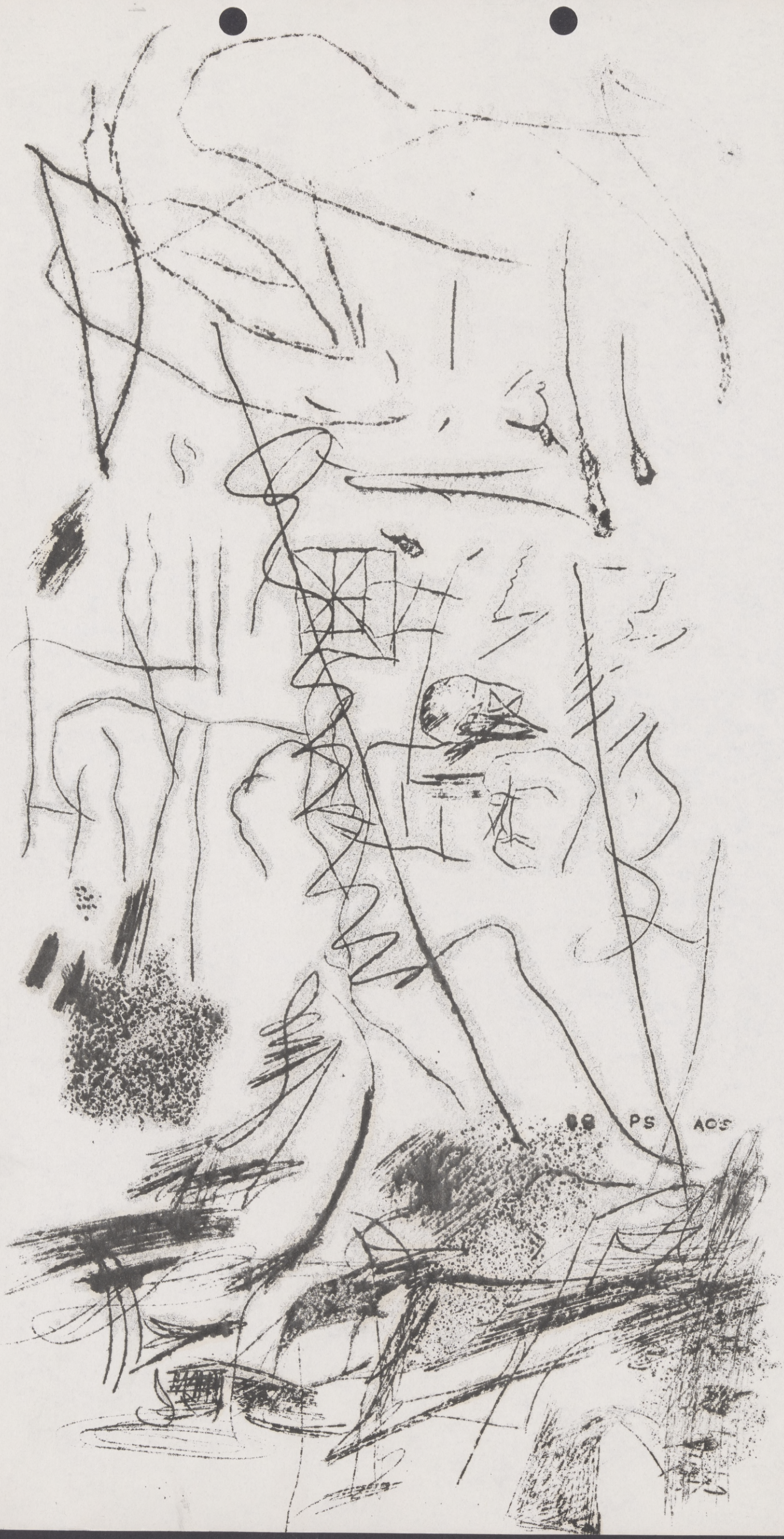
7) Think about the questions of philosophy: What is beauty; What is man; what is truth; what is God. Discover your own standard of right and wrong; make it as precise as you can. Decisions will become easier to make and will not be so often regretted.

- Richard Miller

DO YOU HAVE ANY GOOD FRIENDS OR OR FRIENDLY RELATIVES IN EUROPE?. IF SO, SHIZIUME MORIHARU, THE C.S.F.A. STUDENT WHO DEPORTED IN DECEMBER WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE THEIR ADDRESSES WITH YOUR NAME AS THE PERSON WHO REFERRED HIM TO THEM.

HE MIGHT BE IN NEED OF FOOD, DRINK AND MORAL SUPPORT. MORIHARU ARRIVED IN PARIS ABOUT THE FIRST OF JANUARY. WRITE TO HIM CARE OF AMERICAN EXPRESS, 11 RUE SCRIBE, PARIS IX^{e}, FRANCE.

BOB CROCKER IS ACCUMULATING MONEY FROM MONEY-GIVING VOLUNTEERS.


PS
AOS

VETERANS

PL 550 + 634

TIME TO SIGN

CERTIFICATIONS

FOR FEBRUARY

X

NAME _____

PERIOD FROM _____ TO _____

Class No	Instructors Name	Units	Instructors Signature	Comments

Total _____ Cashier _____

NOTE: It is necessary that this form be completed EVERY month for Immigration Students and VETERANS.

When attendance and progress are satisfactory, initial, if not explain in the comments column.

PAY DAY

THERE WILL BE NO PASSES ON PAY DAY
ARE YOU I WANT 15 BODIES YOU
CLEARED YOU YOU YOU PAY DAY
FOR SECRET? I LEFT MY GIRL AWAY OUT WEST
WHO STOLE MUD AND MISTY HILLS MUD AND MISTY
4 DASH 56? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "WHO STARTED
NOW SHE'S "WAR?" YOU DID ANATA NO NAMAE
SOMEONE DESKA? MARIKO, YOU ARE A SITUATION
ELSE'S YOU, YOU, YOU, YES, YO
WIFE PAY DAY!" PAY DAY!!!
AND I GOT AN ALL NIGHT PASS
HOLD YOUR HEAD AND HOLD IT HIGH THERE
A GENERAL PASSING BY ITS THE FAR EAST B
BE THE SUN COMES UP OVER THE
MAIN GATE LIKE A GIANT RED
YOU THERE YOU'LL DO AT 5 IN T
MORNING YOU ARE ALREADY PERSPIRING
PAY DAY ALPHABETICAL ORDER I GOT
HE GOT SIX MONTHS IN THE STOKADE AN
TWO THIRDS OF HIS MARIKO TROOP
TOPIC FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH ON
TOP OF MOUNT FUJI ALL COVERED WITH
KILLERS YOU MEN ARE KILLERS YOU
ALSO AMBASSADORS OF GOOD WILL
THEY CAUGHT HIM GOING THROUGH THE BARBED
FENCE ITS THE FAR EAST BOOGIE ITS A CRAZY
COURT MARTIAL MAKE IT A SUMMARY COURT M
YOU YOU AND YOU YOU MEN SHO
BE PROUD YOU LOOK BACK UPON THESE YEARS
PAY DAY I GOT AN ALL NIGHT PASS

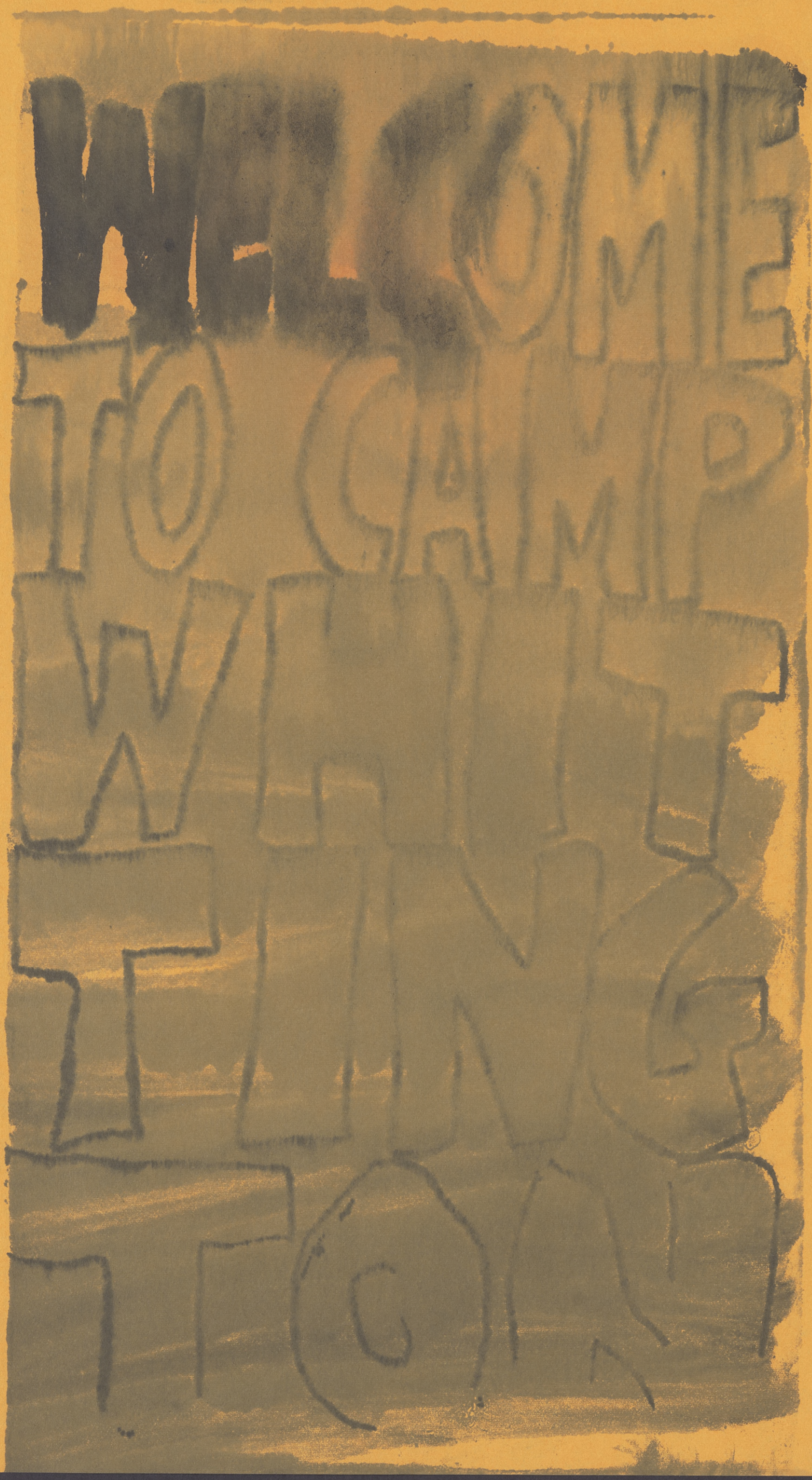
H E A D Q U A R T E R S
47th Infantry Division
Fort Benning, Georgia

SPECIAL ORDERS
NUMBER 141

18 September 1954

E X T R A C T

15. PFC. G.I. RA56070038 (Caucasian MOS 1812 Table of Organization 3 years Expiration Term of Service September 1957 is relieved from assigned company E 136th Infantry Regiment this station and reassigned to 6021 Separation Unit Overseas Replacement station Fort Lewis Washington for further shipment to Armed Forces Far East under allocation MR able nine. Enlisted Man will proceed 25 September 1954 and report to Replacement Station assigned in uniform to commanding officer thereof prior to 1700 hours 27 October 1954. EDCSA: 27 October 1954. Twenty (20) days delay enroute chargeable as reenlistment leave plus necessary travel time authorized. Dependants will <u>not</u> accompany personnel or join personnel at Personnel Center. Mail for enlisted man will be addressed to show grade,name,serial number,casual Enlisted Section 6021 Separation Unit Overseas Replacement Station Fort Lewis Washington. Enlisted man will complete and mail DD Form 413 (notice to publisher) and DD Form 415 (notice of change of address) immediately prior to departing this station.


WELCOME
TO CAMP
WILDWOOD

YOU MEN! YOU MEN,

YOU MEN ARE MEMBERS OF THE FIRST TEAM BORN IN CALIFORNIA, REARED IN THE WEST, FOUGHT OVER HALF THE WORLD! WHY WE SERVE IN THE FAR EAST TO GIVE THE ALARM IN CASE OF FIRE OR DISORDER KNOW YOUR GENERAL ORDERS PUT YOUR MONEY IN SOLDIER'S DEPOSITS RUN UP THAT HILL! PASS? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH A PASS? YOUR POST, YOUR HOME THE CAVALRY PATCH IS THE LARGEST IN THE ARMY IRON YOUR YELLOW SCARF RE-UP!

TROOPER

The TROOPER is an authorized publication prepared weekly by the TI & E Section of the 8th Cavalry Regiment, APO 201, for distribution to the units of the 8th Cavalry Regiment. Any views and opinions expressed by the TROOPER are not necessarily those of the Department of the Army.

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REGT'L COMMANDER:

OFFICER IN CHARGE:

EDITOR:

ASST EDITOR:

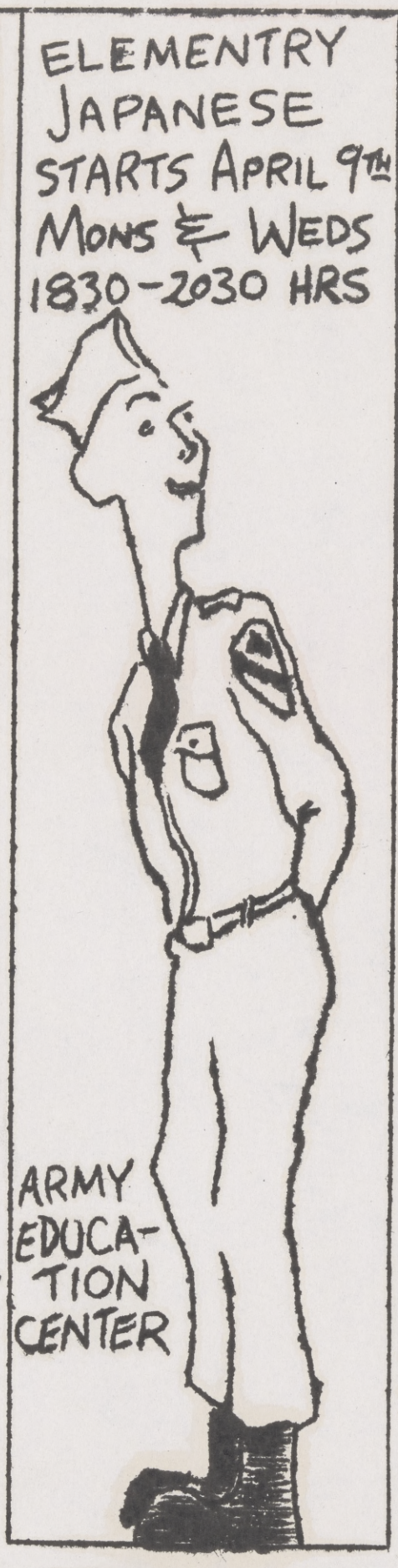
USA... AN MOS

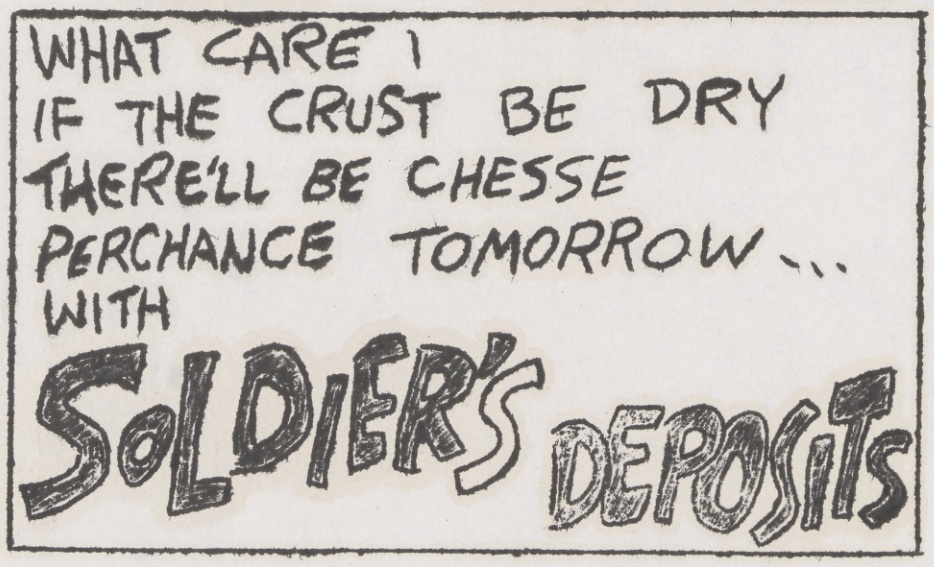
Hometown or Beomtown, public relation is everyone's business. In Japan our actions are magnified in the eyes of the Japanese public. Regardless of the amount of financial aid, or the effect of Hollywood movies... the American GI is America's foreign policy in the flesh. What Japan thinks of America depends largely on us.

UNITS HONORED

Four 8th Cav units were cited last month as "Honor Companies" for having no accidents, AWOLs or offense reports from 1 June through 31 July.

Companies honored were Hq & Hq 1st Bn, Hq & Hq 2nd Bn, Medical and Delta.





WHY HIDE YOUR TALENTS BRING THEM TO YOUR LOCAL RACKET SHOP

KNOW YOUR CHAIN OF COMMAND

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
CHARLES E. WILSON

SECRETARY OF THE ARMY
WILBUR M. BRUCKER

CHIEF OF STAFF
GEN. MAXWELL D. TAYLOR

FAR EAST/UNITED NATIONS COMMAND
GEN. LYMAN L. LEMNITZER

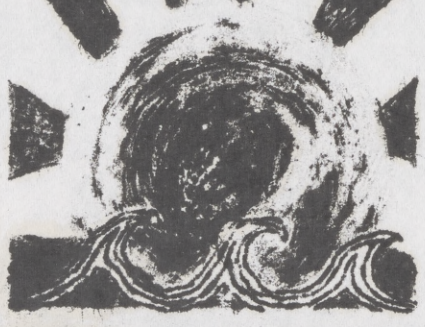
ARMED FORCES FAR EAST, 8TH ARMY
GEN. ISSAC D. WHITE

COMMANDING GENERAL 1ST CAVALRY DIV.
MAJ. GEN. EDWARD J. McGAW

REGT'L COMMANDER
COL. HARRY L. SEIVERS

OUR MISSION IN JAPAN,

TO STRENGHEN PACIFIC SECURITY



WHO ARE THE COMMUNISTS, AND WHY?

TROOP INFORMATION TOPIC FOR AUGUST

REMEMBER THE CHRIST CHILD

ATTEND CHURCH THIS SUNDAY

I GOT AN ALL NIGHT PASS

CAMP

Lady

各種もの
冷飲もの
氷

A05

In the dim bar, a few
lanterns, distant stars,
And on the blue penumbra
Pale faces hang
Over soft guitars.

The berg in the highball
Delays its slow disasters
As I listen to the last,
Deep, lonely voice, mourning
Dead leaves. Dead summers.

The Whore and the Hero: a Preface

Suppose a man only married whores. After all, Raskolnikov really had something going for him with that Sonia. The coolness of the trade. Somebody to go right up to the bar and get served, without even pounding on it.

Whereas the Hero is always hot and thirsty without a dime in his pocket or else he's lost his voice somewhere.

But he's a Hero just the same. That's established. Then what does he want Her for? You mean he isn't a Hero till he meets Her? Like Adam?

A likely story.

Simply: either he wants to get well (catharsis) or he wants to get sick (pity, fear, syphilis).

To get well, you die. According to man's most intricate thought.

So what's a Hero about wanting to get well?

The Hero is, that he wants to get sick. Must be. Syllogism.

And that, my friend, is where the Whore comes in. Here she comes. And not just out of Babylon.

Out of knowing what's good for you.

Someone to draw you out, for instance. The thing being, she can't very well tell you <u>Her</u> story. She'll be sick of that sort of thing. What's new, is worming out yours. Which in itself makes everything possible.

Again simply: you can't be a Hero without an audience. And if it's a female audience, you already <u>are</u> one.

What happened at work today, dear?

++++++++++++++++

It's easy enough to laugh if you start talking about Oedipus, or get around some other way to saying that <u>all</u> women are, even those of the firmament (Christian excepted, which took no chances on losing the baby with the bathwater). But if you do that you're leaving out the difference between the Whore Afterwards and the Whore Before. The Whore Afterwards is nothing. Zero. Fate.

But the Whore Before. Who <u>knows</u>. Who is one before she is one.

And for whom that foreknowledge is the thing!

Not the act the climax. Not even the look, the lisp, the bumming under the underwear.

No. The foreknowledge, pure and simple. Simple because it so, uncluttered, <u>knows</u>. Pure because it is always there always the same, let it be you, me, or nobody at all. Nobody! Nobody at all.

What the hell does foreknowledge need of anybody?

Anybody is anticlimax, like death is for the Hero. So the Hero, if he is one, doesn't go toward death or family reunions, but toward pure simple foreknowledge, that doesn't need him and so might spare him.

(I cite great ladies, great ladies all.)

Toward what is sufficient-unto-itself, which is what <u>he</u> isn't or else how the hell did he get to be a Hero?

So there she is and he looks at her and feels life.

And she looks at him and he's got no surprises for her.

Which is perfectly all right and she smiles, like a wind through a wind-chime.

And that, Sir, is when he marries Her. If he really is a Hero.

++++++++++++++++++

Of course, if he settles down with Her she'll kill him, as she must. And not as a Hero. As a fact. A fact, insistent; not a foreknowledge -- warm, vagrant, comfortable, like waiting for a visitor in the airport bar.

There's nothing that's more of a fact than a Hero. There he is, with that bee in his bonnet. Whether it's about his father or a fish or a shining cup of some sort -- whatever it is, it's always the same damned thing on his mind, day in day out. Until finally he becomes that thing itself, and goes around being it all the time, without let-up. Which is the definition of af fact. Frozen stiff. Try holding hands with it and right away you feel like coughing.

Unless you happen to be one yourself, a fact is only good for whatever you need it for. And she doesn't need it for very much. And certainly not for very long. The minute he, so to speak, comes true, he has done what was really necessary. And all that is not really necessary is boring, give it whatever name you will.

So if he's got other business and knows it, he flees. He calls it going away and says he'll return, and she says it's divorce desertion and villainy, and she cries, but when he's gone, fleeing, already thinking her Oasis and yearning backward, she smiles.

And awaits the next who knows the unquenchable difference. Not Her hero, but Hero, on his way.

- K. Lash

TOWER

IS MIMEO GRAPHED WHEN IT IS MIMEO GRAPHED BY STUDENTS AT THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF FINE ART

800 CHESTNUT STREET SAN FRANCISCO 11

POWERBOY AND RALPH

HAYWARD KING

THANKS TO LASH WITH KENNETH MILLER RICHARD ENDES JOYCE REZ SELINGER BING PAUL BERNICE CARL GLIKO DNS FROM CONTRIBUTI ESSY WITH AL O'SHAUGHN

GUEST EDITOR: CALIFORNIA

I'VE BEEN VOTED DOWN!
... MAKE THAT THE SAN FRANCISCO INSTITUTE OF ART
AD'S